

VOLUME 43 ISSUE 2 // MARCH / APRIL 2012

RR

THE RUTGERS REVIEW



body ink // orgasms // raritan fishing // fat fresh fridges





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**TRUMAN LAHR** is not a real ginger. Like the super cool fish he drew for this issue, Truman is a creature of many colors. As an artist, he treads the line between full expression and logical argument. At an early age he decided that his half-toenail was “objectively gross,” and since then he’s been making things look good, really good. If you haven’t run into him in New Brunswick, you might catch him in 10 years time in New Zealand, where he plans to be a cool dad in a treehouse throwing treehouse parties for other cool dads in treehouses. Putting things together, taking things apart, indulging in the internet and the occasional Cognac cocktail: it’s a way of life. This guy is a visual engineer and a creative force to be reckoned with. One day he’ll be filthy rich. *Illustration for Gone Fishing, page 15*



**MARGARITA ROSARIO** is like a character out of *Coyote Ugly* (and I mean that in the best possible way without ever having seen the movie). What I’m trying to say is, she’s one of those dreamers who’s liable to throw it all to the wind at any moment and place her bets on the Big City. It seems accurate, given her track record with the *Review*. She writes for us, takes photos for us—Heck, sometimes it seems like she even thinks for us. Her savvy street style photos and commentary have earned her something of a loyal following on our Tumblr. Margarita will try anything once, especially when it comes to new challenges on the creative front. She’s got her eye on photography next.

*Photos on Tumblr at [rutgersreview.tumblr.com](http://rutgersreview.tumblr.com)*



**POOJA KOLLURI** is a horror movie aficionado with really nice hands who’s scared of ferris wheels and frisbees. Her only goal in life is to be happy, which normally would seem like a cop-out answer, but with Pooja you know it’s true. Raised in a traditional Indian household with lovely parents and a brother who always insisted that she play Call of Duty, this girly-girl found a balance that has quickly made her a diverse addition to the *Review*. She aspires to be an editor of a fashion magazine, certainly looking and acting the part already; she’s basically Anna Wintour (thankfully in a much sweeter form). Just don’t ask her to watch *The Notebook* or this so-called “nice girl” will probably kill you.

*LOL! WTF?! SRSLY? Decoding Text Messages, page 6*





The Review crew you won't see around campus next year

**A** lot has happened these past two months, but it's all been in déjà vu form: Hasn't some white dude, first name Rick, claimed the title of Female Reproductive System Expert before? And hasn't that crazy man in the subway pushed someone onto the tracks before? And I'm sure my dentist has made that joke before. I think it's the result of some sort of time warp/wormhole/[other science fiction word] that plays every moment on a loop and throws it back into our existence at random, potentially inopportune moments.

Then there's this thing that's happening: graduation. It's happened before, many times before, but not to us. And maybe it won't happen to you for another three years. And by then, you won't think of it as a repeat of *my* graduation, but as something unique to you, despite the fact that all the same things happen except for a collective of enlightened poet-clones is speaking at your graduation and I'm not there. So enjoy the new until it's not new anymore, because it goes fast, kids. It goes fast. Like a hotdog in the hands of Joey Chestnut. Like Lil Wayne's virginity. Like a really fast bird.

But the *Review* will be back next year, even if I'm not. Until then, check out the issue you're holding—it's got tales of fishing on the Raritan, new wave masturbation and deciphering hidden messages in texts. Plus, more tattoos than your mom would be okay with. I wish I could say I love you all, but I don't even really like you that much.

*Lizzie Plaugic*

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LOL! WTF?!  
SRSLY?

Decoding Text Messages

by Pooja Kolluri



Sometimes I feel like it's my purpose in life to read too much into things, especially as an English major. I've been trained since the depths of middle school to figure out why the sky turned red during the sunset right before someone was murdered or why it's ironic that the protagonist's favorite color is a happy yellow when she spends her Tuesday nights with a shrink.

I delve under the surface of textual objects all the time, like many of my fellow Rutgers students, who, whether they are English majors or not, were subjected to the likes of Expository Writing. It's safe to say perhaps that this practice has leaked out of our academic lives and is now interfering in our everyday existence in the form over-analyzing mere text messages.

Face it—we're all guilty. You send your boyfriend or girlfriend a good morning text with an abundance of exclamation points and even a smiley face at the end, and all you get back is an emotionless, punctuation-less response. Upon receiving this text, you're sent spiraling down into a tunnel of confusion and disturbed feelings. Is he or she angry with you? What did you do to deserve this kind of reply? What the hell do you text back now?

And there it is, folks, the beginning of the end of your day. Maybe even your week. The point is that you fucked up your life a little, if just for a short while.


Yes, it's true. You might have a reason to freak out about the way your significant other, or anyone else, has responded to you through text. But here's the deal: over-analyzing real life situations is much different from doing the same to a piece of literature. How so? The author of that story you're trying to figure out has probably been dead for quite a while, or they're sitting at home trying to write another great book to put bread on the table. They're inaccessible. You can't ask him or her why they laced their plot-line with all of this ridiculous symbolism.

However, the author of that text message you received, that author is alive and well. So guess what you can do? Ask them what the fuck is wrong, what the hell they meant, and clear your goddamn head of any questions you've got.

I never understood why it was so wrong to be outright and ask these sorts of things, why we hold ourselves responsible for interpreting emotions and symbols from words where they may not even exist. That one-word message might not be the reaction you wanted, but maybe that's just how the person texts. It could be that he or she is tired, had a bad day, or is in class and couldn't be more expressive without the professor noticing. Or yes—maybe the worst is true. You've done something terribly, horribly, irrevocably wrong. There's no going back; there's no fixing your blatant mistake, even if you can't for the life of you remember what you could have possibly done to deserve this completely unfair

## BUT HERE'S THE DEAL: OVER-ANALYZING REAL LIFE SITUATIONS IS MUCH DIFFERENT FROM DOING THE SAME TO A PIECE OF LITERATURE

treatment. Your conversational partner has no desire to speak more than one unembellished word to you, and you just can't stop yourself from completely freaking out. But, it would prove meritorious to do the simple thing and ask.

Okay, it might be a case of easier said than done, an argument that could be refuted as idealistic and unattainable. But it only seems that way because we always fear the worst and discourage ourselves from believing anything else is possible. Yet it's a relatively simple mindset to keep if only you remember the corniest of all sayings—"honesty is the best policy." 



Running on College Ave. can be a bittersweet experience. I don't mean the sprint to your class in Murray that started 10 minutes ago, but rather, the planned kind of running—when you take stock of all the chicken takeout you've consumed over the past week and decide it might be best to peel yourself off the floor and get moving. Even if you haven't been slowly eating yourself into a food-induced coma, sometimes it's just nice to take advantage of a warm day and go for a jog in the open air.

Of course, the initial problem with hitting the sidewalk is, ironically, the same reason you've shunned the gym all semester: people are everywhere. There's simply no avoiding them. While there are no scary weighted contraptions or fitness enthusiasts with even scarier muscles, what the outside world has to offer is just as bad: bus stops swarming with students. The dreaded Brower steps smothered with club members selling baked goods. People with signs shoving pamphlets at you. Before I reached the


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you find that you've entered a kind  
of bubble that protects you from little  
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have the luxury of averting*

safe haven of Buccleuch Park, it was like running the gauntlet. I couldn't shake the feeling that all of these people were watching me, secretly mocking my non-existent speed or the frenzied bobbing of my ponytail as I huffed and puffed my way around them. My instinct was to get away as quickly as possible—or, at the very least, stop blundering down the street in front of a seemingly-endless audience that was no doubt judging my every misstep.

So what do you do in this situation? You can return to the sweat-soaked air of the gym and wait in line for your chance to pound away noisily at the treadmill. You can stumble around lacing up your sneakers in the dark to run at 6 a.m., when the vast

majority of your fellow students are asleep—excluding your roommate, whom you've just woken up despite your best efforts to be quiet. You can build up your endurance in secret so you can confidently zoom past the crowds without having to double over and gasp for air once you've passed them. Or you can recognize that you're being a little crazy over a quarter-mile stretch of road and stop going to such ridiculous lengths to avoid it.

You may also discover that while, yes, people will look at you, it is hardly with the judging eyes that you've imagined. In fact, once you get out of your own head, you find that you've entered a kind of bubble that protects you from little nuisances that other pedestrians don't have the luxury of averting—just because you're moving faster and more purposefully than they are. Nobody preaches at you, petitions you, or suggests you buy a cupcake to support their cause when you're running. While you still have to weave through the masses and dodge the lampposts, the mere fact of being in motion acts as a buffer to the actual substance of all the activity. People may even step out of your way graciously and alert their friends to your impending presence so that they can do the same. And if you run with headphones, the world floats by in a haze, its chaos drowned out by the music in your ears. It's like watching a movie with your own customized soundtrack. What used to be the worst part of your run is actually, somehow, kind of relaxing.

I'm not saying that I happily dive into the hordes of people emerging from the bus, or that I don't cringe when I realize I've inadvertently picked the time right when classes let out. Just the other day, I made an impromptu turn down Seminary when I saw what appeared to be a battalion of frat bros marching my way in the distance. It's Rutgers—there will always be people wherever you go, and sometimes there might be a few too many for your liking. But I do appreciate this rare opportunity to experience the world without having to deal with it—to perceive it simultaneously up-close and at a distance—if only for thirty minutes at a time. 



Running fast through the hub city at night. Photo by Max Rosenberg

# *a runner's mind*

*by kristin baresich*



# ROOMMATE COURTING

by Katelyn Devine  
illustration by  
Derek Springsteen



**M**y aunt studied at Rutgers in the early eighties. I've heard wild tales of her house on Stone Street, trips to Old Queens where "it all went down" (what exactly happened I fear knowledge of), but most often I hear the story of when she met my uncle. As a transfer student from community college in need of a place to live, she searched newspaper ads for room rentals. She met a group who would fit her needs, and luckily they all lived well together. One fateful night the girls had a house party, and one roommate's brother came. That brother met

my aunt, and they dated and were married a few years later.

I romantically kept my aunt's story in the back of my mind as I searched the off-campus housing ads online last summer. Transferring to Rutgers would bring abundant opportunities to meet people, but those who I lived with would likely be most influential to my time here. Being the indecisive sort, I knew one thing only: I did not want to live in a dorm. So I searched, made awkward phone calls, and drove back and forth on Route 18 all month to see houses and meet people.

I met girls who went out of their way to inform me that there would be no alcohol consumed in the house, only to see them on Facebook a few months later taking shots. Maybe they changed their minds, or maybe they just didn't like me—it's all history now. I also met girls who went out of their way to tell me that they enjoy pregaming to house music before going out, which they typically do upwards of three nights a week. Then they asked me how I felt about pink and cheetah print for the living room. I decided not to live with either party. I walked into my house on Hamilton Street one day in June and met three warm, kind girls, and not only was I welcomed by their dispositions but their items around the house were reminiscent of my own. These are the ones, I thought.


When arranging for meetings and phoning possible new roomies, I couldn't help but be both distressed at such a form of interaction and enthusiastic that each group of strangers had the potential to become my great friends. I felt, as I cruised RU off-campus housing, that I was online dating, answering singles ads, and trying my luck on blind dates. It was an odd reminder of meeting men and having a first conversation, trying to sift through cordiality and determine what some guy is really all about. There was a medley of disappointment and disillusionment each time I met a group that I felt I was not compatible with, and an upsetting sense of rejection at every

unreturned phone call. The straight-edge girls mirrored that mechanical engineering major I dated for a month, and the cheetah print girls seemed to emulate some kind of "Situation" that I thankfully never got myself involved in.

Walking into my friend Ali's dorm a year ago, you would think the same person lived on both sides of the room. From the potted plants, sketches on the walls to the music that played from either of the laptops that inhabited the room, she and her roommate were a match made in heaven. Their story isn't one of fantastic fate, however. It may have been more romantic had they opted for random roommate selection the summer before they started at Rutgers.

Instead they each joined Uroomsurf.com, were matched for compatibility, chatted online, and eventually met at a local concert. The two really hit it off, and the first time Micah introduced her as "my roommate," Ali was delighted, knowing they had sealed the deal. Their courtship led to a deeper friendship and roommate relationship that only continued into the next year.

Finding people to live with is not at all unlike finding people to date. Whether through online profile searching or meeting in real life, there appear to be the same steps toward only a slightly-different ultimate goal. It begins with an inelegant first encounter, a relationship that develops, a decision that gets made to pursue the relationship, then cooperation, compromise, and consideration for another human while making daily decisions. You learn each other's weird habits and, in the best of cases, you accept and embrace them.

The three girls and one dog I now share a roof with are ideal. It is a true blind roommate dating success story. However, none of my human roommates have brothers, and so I did not follow in my aunt's footsteps. My story is more one of harmonious, comfortable living rather than big hair and boyfriends, so I'll also probably never understand Old Queens as the place where "it all went down," but that is completely fine with me. 

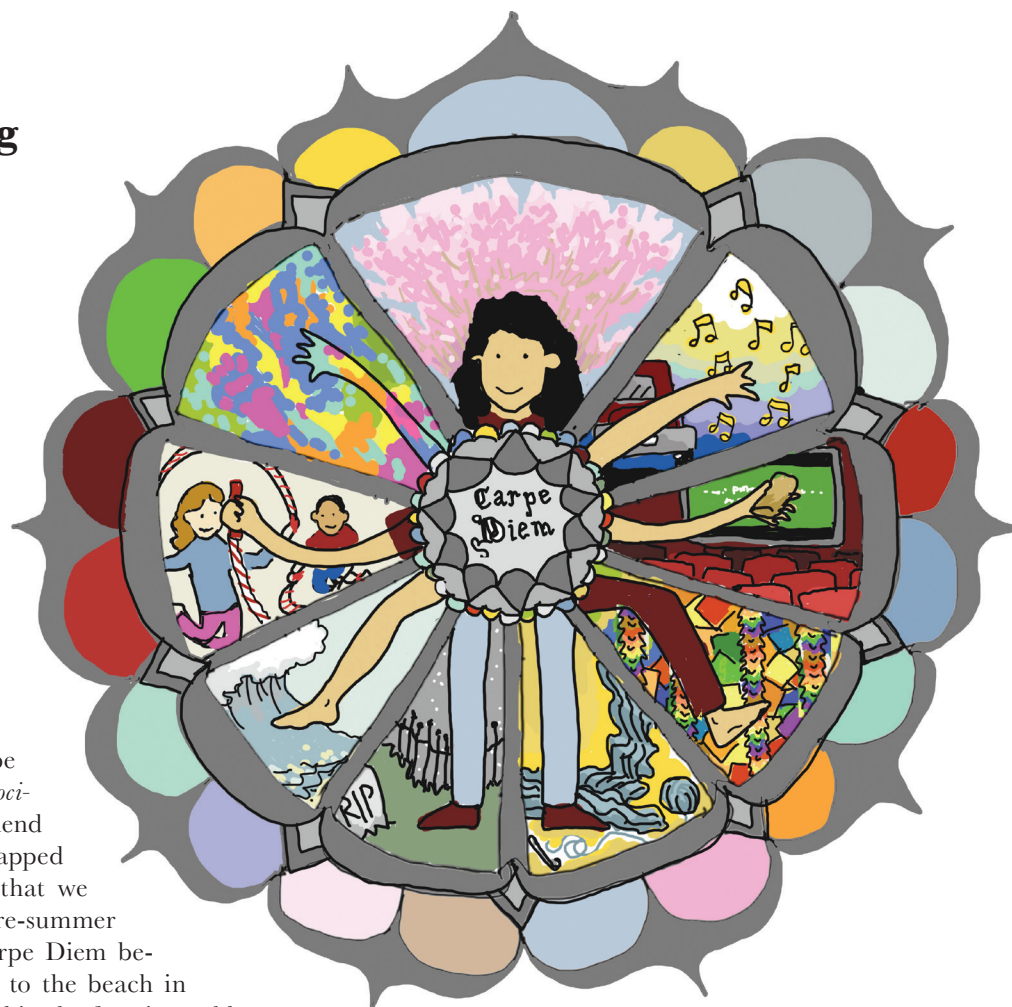




## Strategies for Living in the Moment


by Alysia M. Slocum

illustration by Jess Cain



Usually when people say “Carpe Diem,” I think of the *Dead Poets Society* and roll my eyes. Yet, when a friend of mine from my hometown kidnapped me the other day and suggested that we strip and jump into the freezing pre-summer Atlantic Ocean, just for kicks, Carpe Diem became redefined for me. We drove to the beach in the middle of the night and relished in the freezing cold water against our skin. The water was so cold it burned, and I spent the next half-hour shivering and desperately clutching hot chocolate, but it was also the first time in a while that I laughed so hard that I couldn’t breathe. I, like most people, become heavily doused in the college mentality of “class, homeworking, drink, class homework, drink,” and forget to look around and notice things. I forget that walking around Princeton is only a train stop away and bars in Harlem are only a bus ride away and that the beach is readily available and waiting for us to visit and take our clothes off. Since this experience, I’ve started to notice that there are a multitude of things to do around here that have nothing to do with homework, class, or drinking. You could:

1. Stargaze in the cemetery off of George Street
2. Take pictures of the cherry blossoms on Douglass Campus
3. Picnic at Passion Puddle
4. Learn to crochet and sell your homemade scarves on Etsy.
5. Sneak strombolis from Stuff Yer Face into a movie theater and enjoy a delectable pepper and onion ‘boli whilst movie-watching
6. Speak with a new accent for a day
7. Spend a day wearing body paint
8. Turn up the music in your car and dance around a Rutgers parking lot
9. Hop some scotch
10. Visit a religious venue that you know little to nothing about (like that church in the Heldrich Hotel)
11. Check out the Zimmerli museum shop
12. Jump some rope on Cook Campus
13. Make a thousand paper cranes for good luck and leave them in various places for people to find
14. Watch a rugby game on Livingston Campus
15. Get on a train to someplace random, walk around, and see where you end up

You don’t have to go completely against the grain the way we thought that Robin Williams may or may not have intended. Carpe Diem gives us room to simply pause in our tracks and say, “Oh hey, the pharmacy on George Street has really pretty plants next to it.” Or you can go skinny dipping for the first time. Whichever helps you to seize the day. 

# GOOD TIMES WITH A HIGH CLASS BUM: THE DAN ZIV STORY

BY ERIC WEINSTEIN

*I found Dan Ziv's card stuck out in the curb grass like a silver condom wrapper reflecting life's crude ecstasy. On the front of the card was a picture of a man reclining tranquilly on a park bench. On the back it read: "Dan Ziv. Street Photographer. High Class Bum."*

**What does being a street photographer mean to you?**

I've always had this fear I will one day become homeless as a starving artist. So I wanted to shed light on poverty, homelessness, and the street, and bring glory to it. I'm not trying to exploit homeless people when I take their pictures; I'm trying to give them voice through image.

**What inspired you to be the "High Class Bum"?**

My mom said, "You look like a bum." And my family has always said the same thing. So I ended up telling them, "I'm a bum. But I'm high class." That started to become my persona. I treat people with respect. But I don't dress up for people, I don't care what others think, and some people see that as being bummish.

**Has there ever been difficulty in capturing your subject?**

It's awkward to approach somebody with a camera when they appear as if they are in a dire situation. I always give them money. I'm never going to take a picture of somebody who's in need of something and not offer anything in return. I've gone as high as a \$20 tip on a picture. In Rome, I saw this lady and I asked her politely if I could take her picture, and all of a sudden she ripped out her breast and started chasing me down the street. I got that photo, but I feel like she isn't one of my proudest pictures because I took the photo as revenge. I have to respect people when I take their picture, but I like when homeless people smile for me. I think they feel special for a moment because most people wouldn't give a homeless person the time of the day, so I take their picture, and I bring them a print back.



The subject of this interview stops traffic. Photo by Michael Petrilli


**Most of your street photos on your website are portraiture, how does that relate to the street?**

I love faces from the street. They tell a story through each wrinkle, every mark in the shirt. It has a reminiscence of what you've been through.

**"People Pooping in Public Places." What inspired this series?**

I had this idea, and I kept telling myself that this would be a great series. My teacher told me not to do this. She said, "You're going to get arrested. You're going to get beat up by someone in the bathroom"...she scared me. So I got models or friends to go in the stall and take their pants down for a second, so I could take their picture and be on my way. I like how the underwear can be portraiture.

I'm starting this new series; it's going to be called: "Phone, Keys, and Wallet: The Essentials," and it's the three things that no one leaves the house without. When you're drunk it's "Where are my phone, keys and wallet?," and you got to do a little pat down. The idea is to take portraits without a face. I want to work more in exploring identity and how people are identified through meaningless things.

Check out Dan's photography at [highclassbum.com](http://highclassbum.com). 



## GETTIN' REEL ON THE BANKS OF THE OL' RARITAN

BY IAN GABRIEL

ILLUSTRIONS BY TRUMAN LAHR

I'll set the record straight from the beginning: We didn't catch anything. We didn't even get any bites. So if you were expecting a Hemingway-esque tale of a daylong struggle with the heaviest, strongest, most perfect marlin the Raritan has ever seen, then the rest of this article may underwhelm you. Our tale is more of a slow-paced adventure, during which we met a few people, tied some fancy knots, and fantasized about fish filet for dinner.


Our expedition began on bicycles, which we used, quite vigorously, to arrive at Boyd Park, just underneath the Rt. 27 bridge to Highland Park. We approached the water, and found a man-made strip of land, flanked on one side by the mighty Raritan and on the other by the Delaware-Raritan Canal. We set up our poles close to the bridge, trying to find a spot without too much litter, which ultimately proved futile. Shortly after casting in our first line, we noticed that not five feet away from us, inches from the water, lay a decaying possum carcass. Only temporarily alarmed, we continued to fish minutes later, eager to reel in the next monster fish of the century.

After about half an hour, a man dressed in all black, with a Bluetooth in his ear and a lone twisty curl protruding from the chin section of an otherwise perfectly groomed goatee, came riding towards on a souped up silver bike. He honked a horn on his

babies. He recounted tales of catching fish all over the New Brunswick area, listing about ten different species that live in the brackish waters of the river. Finally, he told us his name: The Fisherman. After a few more tips and swig or two from a little bottle of a whisky-colored alcohol, our guide and prophet, The Fisherman, rolled off on his shiny, lit-up, pimped out bike. He said he'll be fishing there all summer—hopefully we see him again.

Shortly after the departure of first human contact, we looked to our right to see a man, dressed in a green uniform and military helmet, walking towards us on our strip of land. Our hearts jumped, paranoid that this seemingly authoritarian figure was the ticket-slinging game warden that The Fisherman had recently warned us about. But as he approached, we realized that the man was not from the parks department, but was, in fact, an older, balding gentleman dressed in a World War II-style military uniform who happened to be walking in the park on a cold and cloudy day. He said something nice like “Good luck catching those things” and walked on. Unfortunately, we never received the luck that he wished upon us.

Our third encounter was with three teenaged boys, also on bikes, who found some fishing line on the riverbank a few yards away from us, near the possum. They saw our impressive tackle box, and one of the boys, wearing ear bud headphones, came over to us and asked for a hook. We hooked him up, and also gave him some roast beef for bait. The boys used their hands and the line, and were as unsuccessful as we were in their efforts to nab a sea monster. Eventually, they tired of waiting for bites, so they began to throw rocks into the water, and then biked away down the narrow strip of land between the waters.

By this point, we were freezing, hungry, and dejected, our abilities as fishermen discredited. But we realized that maybe meeting these people, who we would never have met otherwise, was more valuable than hooking the lip of some mercury-tainted river beast. Maybe not catching fish is actually way more fun than catching fish. Either way, we seem to have found yet another way to entertain ourselves in this fair, fishy city. Next time, though, we'll be sure to bring a twelve-pack and some lawn chairs. 

IF YOU WERE EXPECTING A HEMINGWAY-  
ESQUE TALE OF A DAYLONG STRUGGLE  
WITH THE HEAVIEST, STRONGEST, MOST  
PERFECT MARLIN THE RARITAN HAS EVER  
SEEN, THEN THE REST OF THIS ARTICLE MAY  
UNDERWHELM YOU

handlebars that made us jump, even the second and third time he honked it, and without introduction he began to school us on urban fishing. He told us that we should have used clams as bait, instead of the rotten turkey and roast beef that we had attached to our hooks. He taught us that striped bass come into the Raritan only twice a year: in the spring around this time, when they spawn; and in October, when they come back to pick up their striped

# GONE FISHING

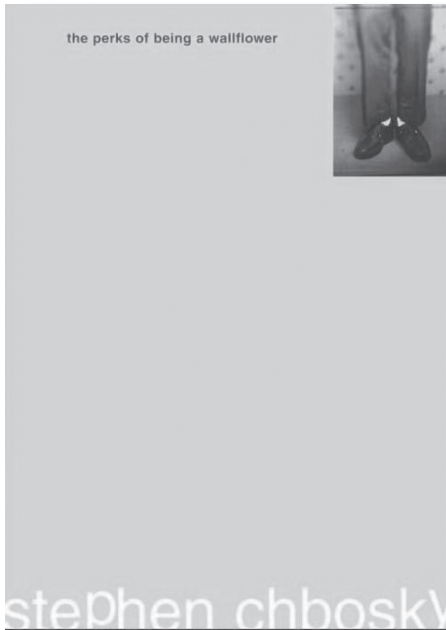


TRUMAN



# Today's Paperbacks, Tomorrow's Classics

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## **THE PERKS OF BEING A WALLFLOWER, Stephen Chbosky**

by Amanda Matteo

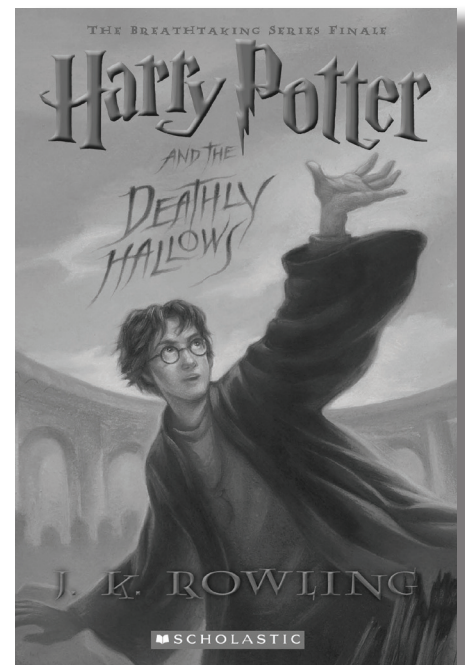
There are few books that legitimately impact my life beyond basic satisfaction or the occasional tear. *Perks*, however, has entirely altered how I view life, and before you snicker and say that's an overreaction, I invite you to hear what I have to say. Chbosky tracks the story of a self-proclaimed teenage "wallflower" whose experiences with two older students change his life forever. Written in the form of anonymous letters to an undisclosed stranger, it tackles controversial topics ranging from suicide to homosexuality to drugs in an honest way that allows you to explore the mind of an introverted high school boy. On the ALA's list of most challenged books of 2009, Chbosky's fearless depictions of provocative issues make the novel a stand-out candidate to be remembered for years to come. It has the making of a classic based purely on the controversial mark it has left on society. The beautiful progression of events will leave you captivated and wanting more. *Perks* deserves to hold a place among the future classics of our generation, if only for the chance that it so positively impact another's life like it has impacted mine.

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## **HARRY POTTER SERIES, J.K. Rowling**

by Edward Reep

It's hard to have grown up in the late 1990s and 2000s without having read at least one of the *Harry Potter* books. They were everywhere. They were a cultural phenomenon, a fantasy series that captured the imagination not just of fantasy readers but of the public at large. And these books were really good too. Telling the story of the title character's seven years at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry over seven entries, the author J.K. Rowling crafts an epic tale in an alternate world that comes alive because of her rich descriptions of its details. Many authors would not take the time to elaborate on the different kinds of candy found in their book's universe, but Rowling does. The series is both comical and adventurous, dark and light-hearted, brimming with allegories, twists, and moral ambiguities. By the end, you feel like you've grown up with the characters and lived in the world of Harry Potter. So many people have read these books and shared in this experience that I have no doubt parents of this generation will tell children of new generations about these books.



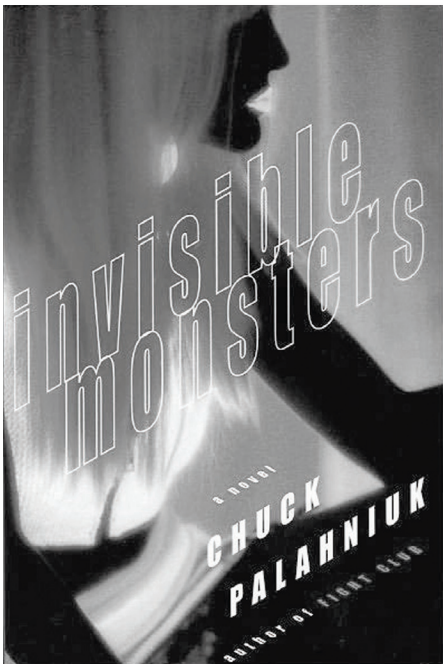
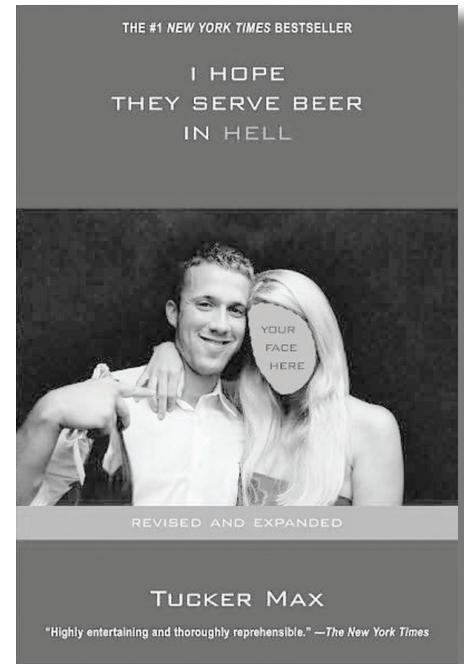
## I HOPE THEY SERVE BEER IN HELL, Tucker Max

by Lizzie Plaugic

Usually, I've found, praise or defense of Tucker Max is met with one of two responses:

- (1). Uncertain, uncomfortable laughter, i.e. the non-verbal version of "That was a joke, right?"
- (2). Head back, chin down, double chin, eyebrows up, nose wrinkle, aaaaand sneer.

Max's first book, *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*, is a collection of nonfiction stories chronicling his Svedka and semen-fueled existence, filled with gems like "The Absinthe Donuts Story," "The Blowjob Follies," and "Tucker Has a Moment of Reflection; Ends Poorly." Yes, the stories are sometimes (alright, usually) gross and juvenile and obnoxious, but buried beneath all that Charmin Ultra and shame is some next-level Gonzo shit. Max is a gynecologist of prose, unafraid to probe the vaginal walls of decency with his speculum, doling out prescriptions for cultural ennui. His stories are easy to hate—and easy to dismiss as the self-indulgent jerkings-off of a bloated asshole—but they're good, because they're true. Oh, and because they're fucking funny. Being funny makes up for just about anything.



## INVISIBLE MONSTERS, Chuck Palahniuk

By Kelly Barton

If there isn't a class existing on some college campus in the U.S. highlighting Chuck Palahniuk's bibliography, it's only a matter of time before there is, and if you're unaware as to whom Chuck Palahniuk is, get out of your goddamn cave. While most have heard of *Fight Club*, *Invisible Monsters* is *Fight Club*'s racier cousin with much less nitroglycerin and even more narrator jaws blown off by various caliber weapons. The book's most obvious themes concern misogyny in a manner as subtle as the media's creation of anti-feminist theory, with the narrator being a disfigured ex-model stuck in the post-trauma stages of losing her beauty. Upon befriending a transgendered wildcard, the narrator embarks on a quest to reevaluate her life. *Invisible Monsters* is the most intelligent and brilliant "fuck you" to Western ideologies of beauty I have ever read. Palahniuk's non-linear plot style is unmatched, and his consent to destroy any semblance of the status quo is so dangerously enticing that I think his madness will be embraced by curriculums everywhere.





Frozen bagels and a shot of vodka: the breakfast of champions. All photos by Taina Noelle Spicer

College refrigerators are strange and fickle things. While students could convert their fridges into beautifully organized and fully stocked pieces of culinary art, it seems that in New Brunswick, the kitchen's most beloved appliance is usually a steaming, stinking cesspool of decayed deli meat and curdled milk. Between the need to cool copious amounts of shitty beer, roommates, mysterious takeout containers, and the munchies, it's difficult to keep a New Brunswick fridge stocked with enough ketchup, let alone enough ingredients to prepare regular meals.

Some students respond by getting meal plans. Some learn to live off beer and takeout. Some prey on weaker roommates. While these are all perfectly legitimate options, every so often a few brave indi-

viduals come forward who are interested in using the fridge to store actual food.

By far one of the biggest obstacles to having a full fridge in New Brunswick is food shopping. For students without a car food options are limited to a few overpriced shops on Easton, the George St. Co-op, Family Grocery, Bravo, and squirrel meat.

But a lack of options isn't the only thing keeping New Brunswick fridges barren. Between classes, exams, studying, parties, and sleeping it's hard to find the time to cultivate the culinary arts or go food shopping.


Below are a few tips you can hopefully use to help improve the contents of your fridge and the aesthetic and olfactory qualities of your kitchen.

**Organize your grocery list by section.** It takes a few extra minutes but it will ultimately help save you time and cut down on spoilage.

**Buy a decent cookbook and use it.** A good one is *How To Cook Everything* by Mark Bittman, which has easy recipes for all types of cuisine. Pick out the meals you'd like to make every week before you head to the grocery store.

**Keep food safety in mind.** Food poisoning sucks. Visit [foodsafety.gov](http://foodsafety.gov) in order to learn about the steps and practices you can take to minimize your risk.

**Be patient.** Developing a working fridge and kitchen takes hard work, practice and dedication, but it's worth it.

In addition to saving you money and improving your nutrition, movies indicate that knowing how to cook will help you in your quest to find "the one." 









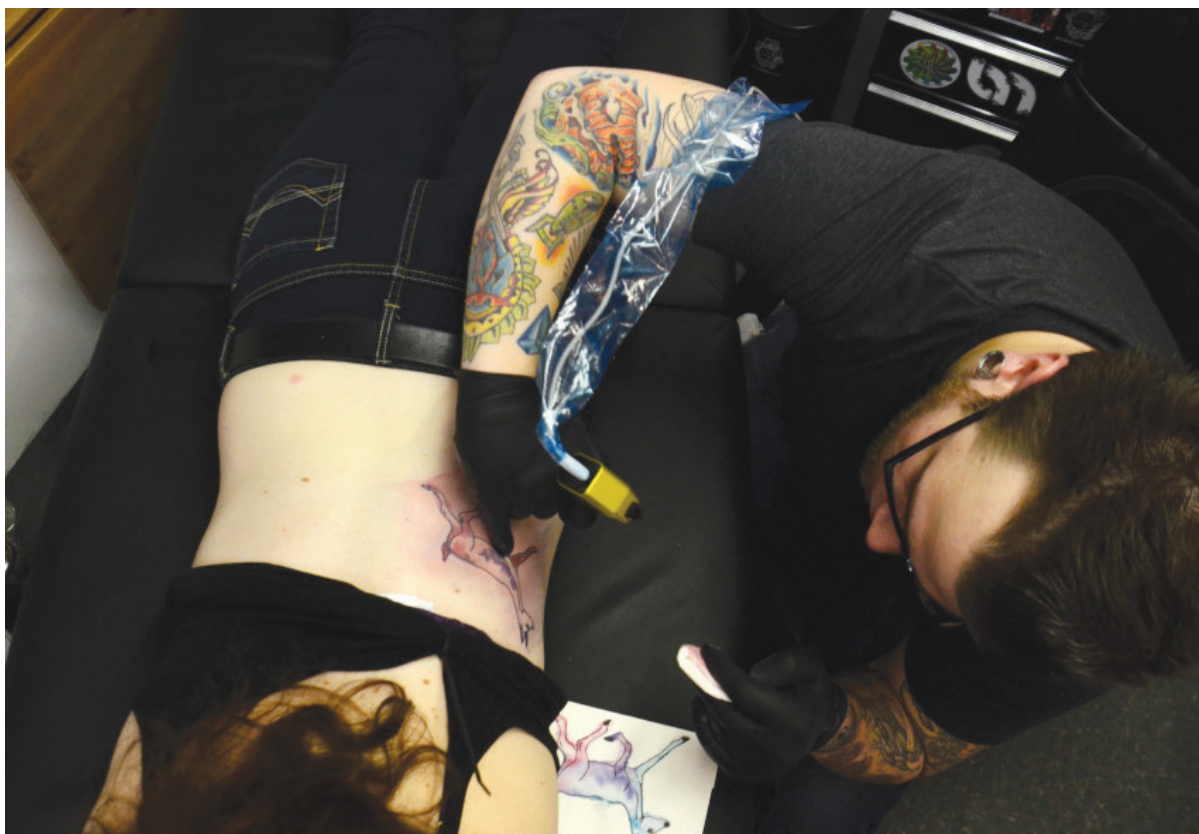
THERE WILL BE INK





**W**hether you're commemorating a dead pet, honoring a fallen comrade, trying to join a gang, or just looking to add some permanence to this transient existence, getting a tattoo can be hard. There are a number of important issues to take into account as you prepare to partake in the centuries old practice of permanently altering your skin pigment. Because you're busy and we're journalism majors looking to get tattoos, we thought we'd check out some local parlors and share our findings.





## MY TATTOO

⌚ BY KELLY BARTON ⌚

While I still have a few years before I can look back and grumble about getting the shark bite on my foot or the Latin on my ribs, I wanted to take a new and slightly more cautious course with this tattoo.

When deciding on a shop in the past, I've relied on word of mouth or hit up places that I knew someone else had already been to. I'd never taken the time to actually sit down and think about where I would go to get a part of me permanently altered. Working on this article and doing recon on the shops in New Brunswick, I was able to check out several parlors and potential artists. At the end of our quest, choosing where to go to get tattooed was almost more daunting than deciding upon the tattoo itself.

But it paid off. I decided to make an appointment with Justin from Inksanity after admiring his portfolio, his appreciation for art, and even more specifically color. Knowing Justin was just as stoked as I was about my piece was a hell of a lot more reassuring than any of my previous walk-ins.

Aside from the bizarre experience of feeling like little baby nails pinching you for a few hours, my favorite part of getting tattooed is the moment it's over. Masochist Zac may compare his inking to a

dental appointment, but after clenching my jaw and scrunching my forehead for over an hour, I was more exhausted than I'd like to admit. Before Justin placed the stencil on my back I felt pretty haughty. This was my first color tattoo and my fifth overall, so I thought I'd be able to endure that annoying buzz with grace and composure, but it took every ounce of jaw control not to bite through my lip during a few of those passes over my ribs.

When the tattoo gun finally fell silent, as always the cool sensation of getting my throbbing skin cleaned was overwhelming relief as Justin sopped up my blood. It's hard to describe how fantastic those few moments were, but to me, it was almost as delicious as Nutella on pretzels.

As I looked at my tattoo for the first time in the mirror and shook the Charlie horse out of my foot, I couldn't get over how perfect it was. The color didn't hurt more than black, and whether it was adrenaline or confusion, I think I actually handled it better. Although the ribs did hurt more than my thigh and just as much as my foot, I'm sure I'll forget both by the time I go to get tattooed again.

After all, this is an addiction I don't see myself curbing anytime soon.

## 🚢 TATTOO ARTISTS ON THEIR CRAFT 🚢

**Tiffany on jobs:** “Let’s face it, if you can’t find a job, you’re not going to make money and then how are you going to pay for more tattoos? People are a lot more accepting of tattoos now than they were 10-20-30 years ago, and it’s showing more and more, but the problem is that the job market is so bad right now that if you have visible tattoos, it’s still difficult to find a job.”

**Tiffany on working in the industry:** “Everyday that you come in, you just feel thankful that you’re here instead of being in a suit and tie—that you’re here instead of being in an office building or at a fast food counter or in retail because you get to express yourself—you get to be who you are, and you get to speak your mind. That’s a big one. A tattoo shop is like the last bastion of freedom of speech, I think.”

**Al on trends:** “That’s the fun and challenging part, taking something that’s been done 1000 times and making it something completely different.”

**Chuck on jobs:** “Regardless of how popular or socially acceptable tattoos become, nobody wants their lawyer representing them in a court of law with knuckle tattoos and a full throat tattoo. I’m a tattoo artist and I want somebody who walks into an environment like that and is professional.”

**Chuck on homemade tattoos:** “We get a lot of people who come in with tattoos done by their friend or a guy did who used to work in a shop but doesn’t anymore, and it’s always the same story. The tattoo is atrocious and they’ll say ‘he tattooed my friend and it looked awesome, and then he did this to me.’ We’re seeing a lot of that, and for the most part, I tell people that if they have homemade tattoos, I won’t fix them. If I can cover it, I’ll cover it, but I don’t fix that kind of work because when you come in with a tattoo that’s really poorly done, there’s only so much we can do to it to make it look better.”

**Chuck on bad tattoos:** “Everybody has bad tattoos. If you’re heavily tattooed, you have bad tattoos. You just have to live with it.”







## MY TATTOO

BY ZAC SCHAFFNER

**D**espite all my research and inquiries, in the hours before my appointment at Inksanity, I was filled with bizarre questions. What shirt should I wear? Should I work out beforehand? How much money should I bring? Could I listen to David Bowie while I was getting the tattoo? I took a shower, brushed my teeth, and headed over.

After a lengthy and very sterile looking prep process, Justin pressed a piece of transfer paper with my design on it onto my arm. I looked at the design in the mirror one last time, sat down in the chair, and Justin got to work. As Kelly and Sam talked in the background, I thought about the girl with the Drake forehead tattoo, Steve Zissou, my ex-girlfriends, and how I was going to write his article.

I'd wanted to get a Jacqueline/DEEP SEARCH tattoo since 2007. It started out as joke, but over the years, it snowballed into an image that represented a lot of different things about my life. I've always loved the idea of having the tattoo equivalent of a one-liner on my arm. When Kelly and Eric and I talked about doing an article about tattoo parlors in New Brunswick, I knew I had the perfect opportunity.

Ultimately, getting the tattoo wasn't as painful, exciting, or enlightening as I expected. I felt kind of ridiculous for having made such a big deal out of

it. It felt familiar, like getting a shot or going to the dentist. As Justin worked, I didn't feel any tougher, more adult, or less employable. The whole tattoo, from start to finish, only took about 15 minutes.

After I got out of the chair, I felt a rush of excitement. It felt good. There wasn't any kind of official welcome to the tattoo underworld, but I suddenly understood how people ended up covered head to toe. After the excitement faded, I felt kind of numb. I didn't and still don't quite know how to act or feel about having this thing on my arm.

I catch myself looking for tattoos on every piece of exposed skin I see. It feels a lot like the way I started noticing car brands after I bought my Civic. A friend told me that this involved the expansion of something called my 'reticular filter.'

I haven't made any sleeveless shirts, and I'm not going to start hanging out at the beach, but I do feel a little different. I know it sounds strange, and maybe it's only because it's still healing, but when I get out of the shower and look in the mirror, it looks and feels like I've got on a really good temporary tattoo.

Right now I feel kind of naked, incomplete, and unsymmetrical. Justin did a great job, but I want more. I'm still not sure how to feel, but I already know that this isn't going to be my last tattoo.

## MY TATTOO

SAMANTHA MITCHELL

**L**et me begin by saying that I faint often. I fainted at Noodle Gourmet, while pouring my coffee in Butler's corner store, walking down Union Street in the middle of the night, and in tree pose during yoga class.

But there I sat in Revolver, faced with the question, "Are you prone to fainting?," on the pre-appointment questionnaire. My brain screamed, "YES," but I hesitated, pen quivering over the yes and no boxes. Wouldn't they turn me away? I'd be considered a weakling and promptly be ushered out the door.

So, I lied. Jessie took me back to her station to get to business. She transferred the outline onto my shoulder blade, and I told her it looked perfect. The orchid design matched the curve of my bone and I started to get excited...and nervous. The buzzing started, and Jessie told me to take a deep breath. My boyfriend sat in front of me. The second the needle hit my skin, I strangled his hands.

Right: Proof that our author made it through her fainting ordeal. Opposite page: Permanent Wes Anderson

I lied through clenched teeth when Jessie asked if I was alright. “Sure, fine.” As she sawed away at my back, the world began to feel muffled. The buzzing became faint and far away.

The world around me started to retreat, and I knew I was in bad shape. I meekly asked Jessie to stop. She smiled and told me that she always needed to take breaks whenever she got tattooed. “You’re doing fine!” She gave me a cup of water. I put my head between my knees, ignoring her encouragement. I was not doing fine. I stared at the tiles between my boots.

The next thing I saw was the cup of water spilled on the floor. A strange man held a tube under my nose of something so sharp-smelling that I felt it pierce the back of my skull. “FUCKING SHIT WHAT IS THAT!” I yelled.


“Smelling salts. You fainted.” They were very effective. I felt more alert than I had felt in my entire life—and almost too conscious to my shame of fainting.

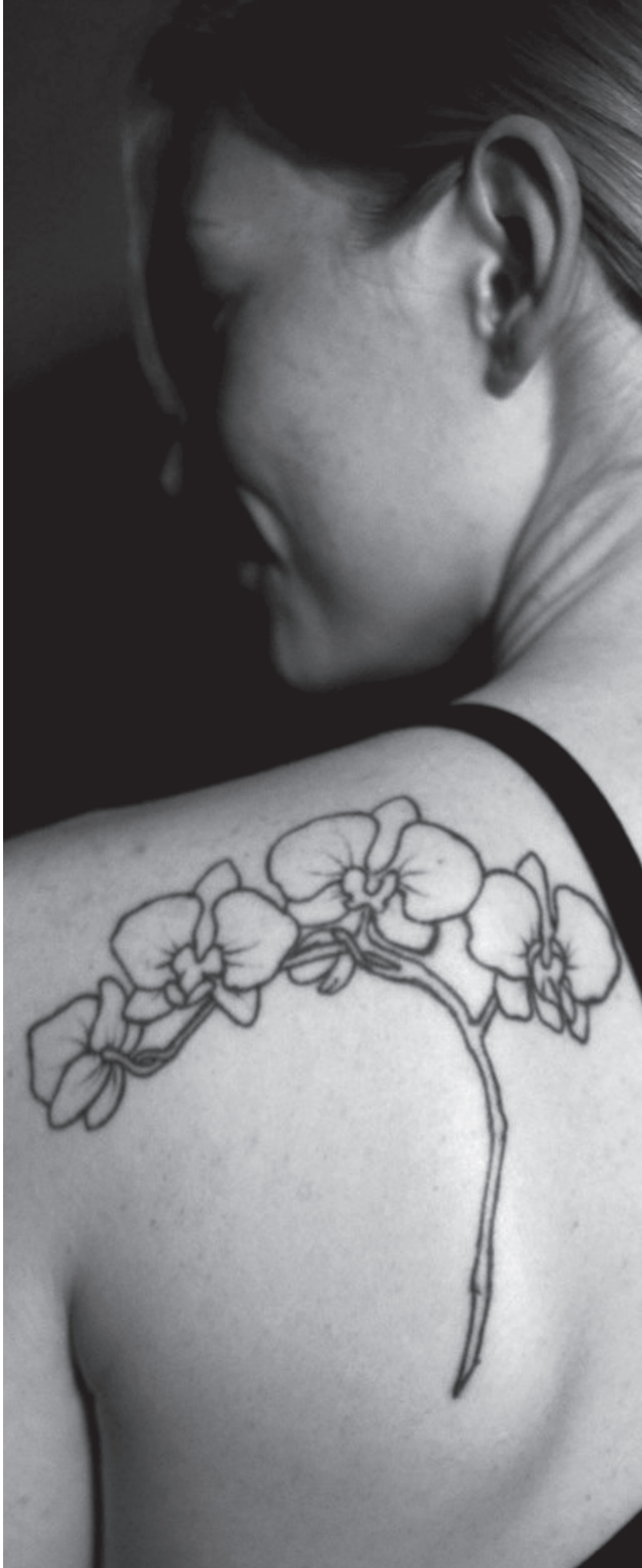
I thought I’d be stuck forever with half of an orchid branch on my back, struggling to explain some bullshit significance of the unfinished drawing to my friends. I imagined my mother’s unavoidable “I told you so” glare. I thought I was going to cry.

Thankfully, with the help of a few sugar pills the staff had on hand and a Snapple that my boyfriend brought me, I was able to finish my session.

When the buzzing was over, I looked at my back in the full length mirror and couldn’t stop beaming. Jessie had done a great job.

Behind me, I heard her small voice saying, “If you want to come in again later, the shading session will take about another hour.”

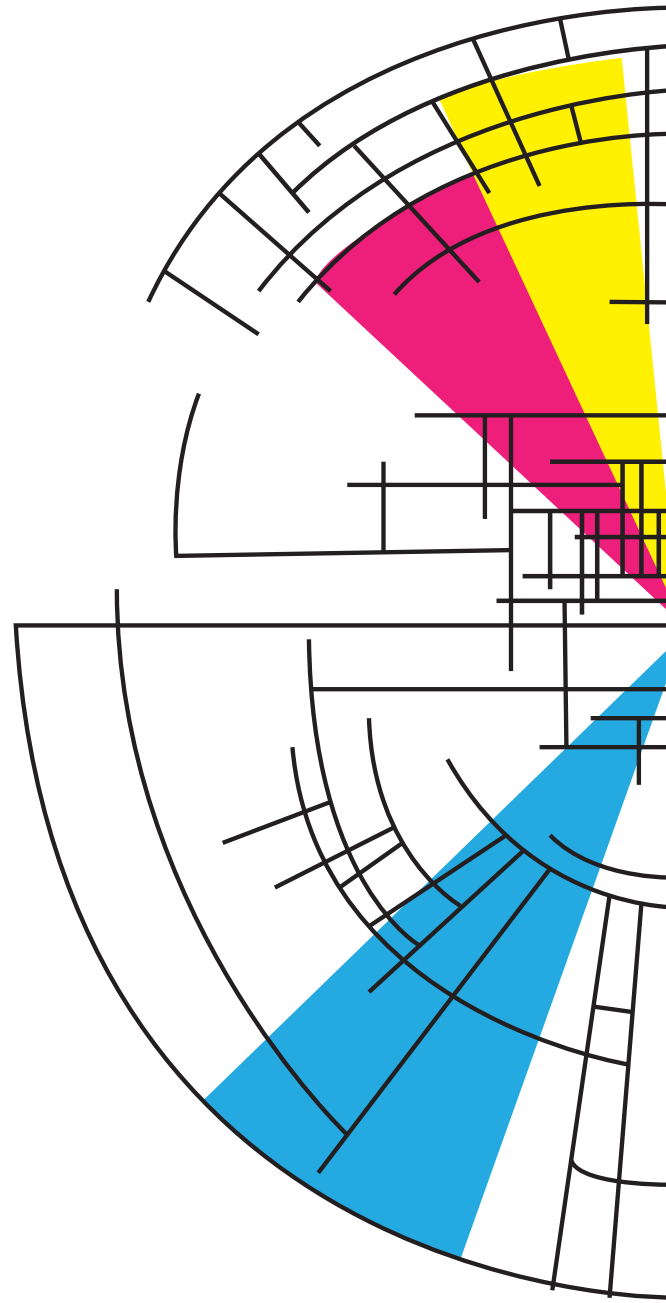
Excuse me? Another hour?! Without hesitation, I told her I didn’t care about shading. I paid quickly and floated home through the cold winter air. My tattoo is perfect just the way it is. 





# INTERNET KILLED THE LABEL STAR

BY CALEB RECHTEN  
ILLUSTRATION BY NICK DIPILLO



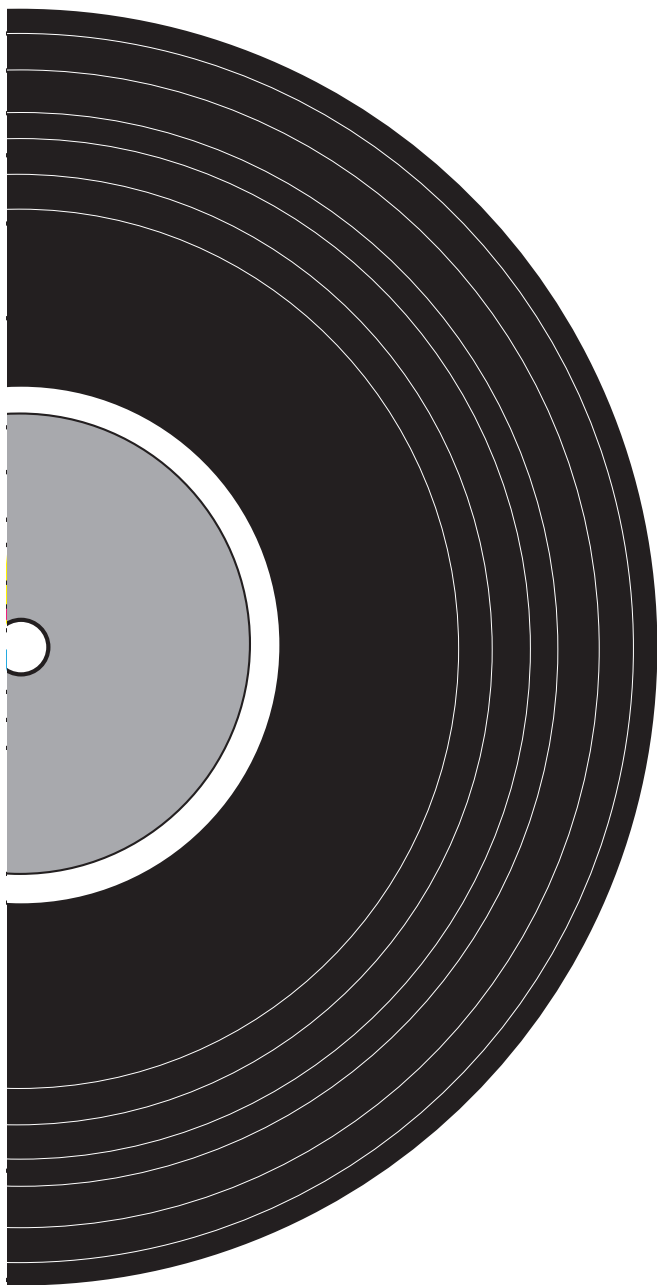
For a while now, there's been talk of record companies not being all that important anymore. From my perspective, a lot of it was speculation and smart theoretical conclusions. Everything people were saying made sense but I hadn't seen any real clear example of it... until now.

And this is when I present to you the phenomenon of Alex Day.

A little background.

Alex Day is a Youtuber. He is good friends with Charlie McDonnell who is also a Youtuber. They are both English and, if not currently, were at one time the most watched Youtubers in England. Very good stuff.

Okay, so if you haven't gotten distracted with watching their plethora of videos, there's something




I'd like to point out to you. Through watching Alex Day's videos myself, I found that he makes some music of his own. It's pretty good stuff, not mind-blowingly amazing, but it's really decent stuff, especially when you take into account that he's doing a lot of this on his own. The point, however, isn't about how good his music is. Here's the kicker: because of his popularity and his online presence, he was able to get to #4 in the holiday charts without a record label. If you ever needed an example that would show that you don't need a record label, this is it. Alex Day actually has a video that he posted recounting some interactions he had with record labels that were trying to get him to jump on their bandwagon called "Record Labels Are Rubbish." Watch it.

Now, you might be thinking, 'Well what does this

do for me?' If you're just a fan, this phenomenon may not be as crucial, but it certainly puts more power in the hands of artists that you enjoy and lets them make more of whatever it is you like about them instead of being thrown in whatever direction the record label wants. Now, as an artist, even if you're not a 'YouTube star', you might be thinking that this still doesn't apply and that may be true to an extent, but the point I'm making is this; because of the Internet and lack of controlled media, you can do everything you need to do on your own. As much as having a record label may give you a faster ticket to success, there's never been a guarantee that that'll happen. Plus, once a record label has you, **THEY HAVE YOU**. They used to have everything to offer you while you only had one thing to offer them. Depending on the label, they would provide you with equipment for recording, advertising, venue, shows, nearly everything depending on the label, and you just had to come up with music. Because of this imbalance, they could boss you around unless you had some sort of following or you were already big and even then they may be able to do that. The Internet puts a lot more of the power in the artists hands. Alex Day got to where he is now through his own motivation and help from friends. He didn't need to sign a contract to do this.

Honestly, it's just a hunch, but I've surmised that this is one of the biggest reasons you see all these TV shows about singing, *American Idol*, *The X-Factor*, *The Voice*. It's a new way to make money without a label. I don't believe this is the absolute death of record labels; there are always going to be some that are able to adapt and still have things to offer and some artists will simply work better with record labels than others. But the point of it all is that it gives artists as a whole more power to make art on their own and to do what they want.

So I don't leave you with only one example, a few more bands that have taken advantage of this phenomena are: The Arctic Monkeys, who began without a record label and had the fastest-selling debut album in British music history, The Dear Hunter, who went from being signed to choosing to be unsigned and are releasing *The Color Spectrum* and possibly their next three albums on their own and without a label, and many other bands who've been aided by the Internet like Owl City or Skrillex. 



Music has, and always will be a touchy subject. It's one of the most personal forms of shared art, and it is often one of the most criticized. I know that we're all guilty of judging a person based on the contents of their iTunes, assuming that because they have a Soulja Boy song that they're automatically the world's biggest douchebag tool, or because they have a *Bring Me The Horizon* album that they're an emo fag. Somehow we started allowing ourselves to judge our friends on their music taste, and individuality has become the new platform for insults.

I know I'm not the first to fall victim to the accusation of listening to "shitty music". As an avid music fan, I find it so hard to stomach the thought of the songs which warm my heart and wrench my gut being cast to the gutter by self-proclaimed music snobs. First, who is deemed the privilege of determining what constitutes good music, and bad music? Yes,

## ENJOYING THE MUSIC THAT RESONATES WITH YOU IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAT CONFORMING TO WHAT SOME SELF RIGHTEOUS EXPERT MAY TELL YOU


music can more easily be judged on technical prowess and theory, but what I'm discussing is far from this. I'm searching to find the thick black line which so clearly divides the good and the bad for so many listeners. There is no possible way that anyone is fit to determine musical value, for every person, with their own menagerie of a music collection is bound to have a unique opinion and preference.

Our natural affinity for labeling music as shitty, or creating a stereotype about a fanbase has caused the most unnecessary divide in the world of music. We've finally stooped so low that we have reached the day where you can go to a concert to support your favorite band, and in between songs the crowd will tear apart other bands on the tour because they're "gay", "so fucking emo", or most simply "a joke". One's love for a band should never be challenged, judge, questioned, or for that fact, matter to

anyone else; music will always be about that personal relationship with every single song.

People are far too quick to dismiss the real meaning of music; to evoke emotion in the listener. Any genre, band, song, or artist can be great as long as the listener feels something, because that's what it's about. Ask any artist what they dream of for their songs, and I guarantee, more often than not the answer will simply be to touch people. Would anyone ever claim that artists don't create to evoke catharsis, but rather, to simply produce a technical and textbook example of a song? No, of course not. I can only scratch my head and wonder how some seem to be incapable of grasping this concept, how accepting everyone and their consequent music tastes just seems to be a ridiculous and comical dream.

Enjoying the music that resonates with you is far more important than conforming to what some self-righteous "expert" may tell you. Everyone always wants to wow their peers with an "impressive" iTunes collection, filled with bands that most of the world would agree are good musicians. Well fuck them. You don't like the Beatles, awesome; you do like the Beatles, just as awesome. Regardless of whatever the world, or the person sitting next to you may say, any kind of music is good music. If techno or dubstep uplifts you, and makes you happy, then who is to say that isn't good music? If someone hates listening to Mozart, or anything classical at that, how could that constitute an entire genre of music as being "shitty"? Once one steps out of the little box which they so comfortably reside, and open up this standard to the music community as a whole, the whole argument of good and bad music very quickly loses its validity.

So, I implore you to play your favorite song as loud as you can without the fear of what others may think. Feel more than just the vibrations from your stereo, do whatever it is that allows you to feel the song in the most passionate way possible. In a perfect world, I'd dream that I could play any song as loud as my speakers will allow, and not one person would have a judgement. Scream, cry, smile, yell, dance, or simply sit and listen; but most of all, enjoy. 

# DEATH TO GUILTY PLEASURES

BY SONIA KARAS



Illustration by Nick DiPillo



# BLIND BUYING

BY KELLY BARTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRUMAN LAHR



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WHEN I THINK ABOUT HOW CDS ARE BECOMING OBSOLETE, A SMALL CORNER OF MY HEART PANGS BECAUSE I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE DAYS WHEN I SAT ON THE SCHOOL BUS AS MY DRIVER HIT STOP SIGNS AND TREACHEROUS POT-HOLES, AND MASTERED LEVELING OUT MY DISC-MAN, TENDERLY GRIPPING IT LIKE THE GOLDEN IDOL IN RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK JUST SO MY ALL-AMERICAN REJECTS CD DIDN'T SKIP.

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If I get in a funk and desire some new vibes for the ear canals, I like to hit up used CD and Record shops to reminisce about when CDs were still ultimately relevant.

With \$3.31 in my wallet, I set out on a quest for some new jams in the \$1 rack at a local record store called Tunes to reignite some nostalgia, and maybe even fall into a new genre-kick for a few weeks. In an attempt to apply some order and decision to my trip, I decided to pick three albums, all of which were the only copies on the shelf and by people I had never heard of: one based on the artist's name, one on the album's title, and one purely based on artwork.

Thumbing through Limp Bizkit and Aaron Carter CDs, I started to get discouraged that this experiment would supply nothing but disappointment, and that I'd have to delve into the pricier albums in order to find something substantial.

But then, as if I tripped upon my own genie lamp in Agrabah, my blind-buy bonanza began as my pinky caught on an album by the band Tahiti 80.

At first I thought this band's name was referencing the island of Tahiti and a mildly acceptable tropical climate, and upon hearing that name, I couldn't

get it to stop ringing in my head. The cover of *The Past, The Present, & The Possible* had a not-so-surprisingly 80's vibe (also not sure whether or not this is in relation to the band's name or if I find that cheesy or not), and I was highly suspicious the music would carry a similar hint of the decade.

Not surprisingly, this album turned out to be quite the indie-discovery; not entirely unique, but it stood out at the same time. After listening further, the album became increasingly catchy, with their simplistic lyrics, upbeat melodies, cheeky samples, and generic references to debauchery: "Cause drugs and booze don't always mix so well" (no foolin'?). While the album has its downfalls, as in the mildly redundant instrumental during the end of the track, "Rain, Steam, & Speed," which consists of a looped keyboard and drum kit, the Bell-X1-esque harmonies and light aura that the songs have are enough to bring me back for a second (and maybe third) listen. I'd give this album and its clever alliteration a 5 out of 10 on a regular scale and an 8 out of 10 on a blind-buy scale, considering Tahiti 80 one of the greatest blind buys I've ever encountered.

Desiring to find something that would school me

on the animal kingdom, I picked up a beige album with monochrome animals on the cover, aptly titled: *Zoology 101*. Released in 1991, this album is actually a compilation of several pop-artists and *Zoology 101* is actually “the human record company with the animal name.” Feeling subtly duped, I embarked on my first listen to find songs by four artists, starting with the Rythm Tribe (yes, Rythm) dripping with Gloria Estefan influences, quickly followed by the annoying vocals of Lazet Michaels paired with a subtle-yet-terrible sample of one of those 90s sports songs that nobody even knows the title to. The album then had some songs by a man named Mark Germino, who so desperately wanted to be Bruce Springsteen I could almost hear the skin-tight denims through his rasp. Peter Wells was the ever-so-cliché caboose of this wonderful sampler, who, had it not been for the awfully mediocre background-singing babes, may have created a potentially promising career as the lead singer of a prairie-inspired Wallflowers cover band.

Sadly, *Zoology 101* taught me nothing of why elephants fear mice, or if rhinos are anything like they’re depicted in *Ace Ventura*, but rather reinforced why I have tried to block out most 90s music from my library. I’d give this album a 2 out of 10, solely for its purpose in comic relief.

It wasn’t until I uploaded the third album into my iTunes that I could focus on the fact that I had discovered the greatest blind-buy in the history of blind-buys. Being the album that I picked out based on its artwork, the cover was simply a collage of photos of what initially looked like generic guys sitting in various urban areas with “No Shirt, No Shoes, No X-Games” printed obnoxiously across the spine of the CD in neon yellow font. Realizing I’d picked out yet another compilation, when I glanced over the names I instantly forgot that Tony Hawk was one of those dudes sitting on the curb in the photos; I forgot that every two songs was offset with a weird audio clip of some thought-to-be-ironically-badass phrase; I forgot that this compilation was coupled with a DVD of highlights from the 2001 X-Games.

Absolutely none of those things mattered to me, because one of these tracks is by Xzibit, and I don’t care that the rest of the album consists of Pearl Jam wannabes or that Prodigy has a song other than “Smack My Bitch Up” because Xzibit actually did something other than Pimp My Ride, and it was as if suddenly the world made sense again. 10 out of 10.

I considered the trip a huge success, as the 66% positive outcome is quite the anomaly. Whether you’re looking to broaden your musical palate or you just need an evening of comic relief, perhaps some blind-buying could help fill those voids. ®




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WHETHER YOU’RE LOOKING TO BROADEN  
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EVENING OF COMIC RELIEF, PERHAPS SOME  
BLIND-BUYING COULD HELP FILL THOSE VOIDS.

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When it's on the Internet, shameless self-promotion is harder to ignore.

## Shark Sucking Fame Moochers by Kelly Barton

We all know of those kids we went to high school with who had their super cool bands with their own shitty buttons and burned CDs. We all know of how these poor dudes playing A Day to Remember covers are deeply devoted to shameless-self promotion.

You can picture them, those kids at Warped Tour, with their hundreds of fliers that always find themselves stuck to the grody ground in a cesspool of Monster and exceptionally unhygienic man-sweat.

Yes, it's a little sad, but isn't that what starting a band's all about? Struggling to get your name out, to spread your tunes, and fight for your right to rock 'n' roll, dude!

But you know what's NOT rock 'n' roll?

Spamming the FUCK out of a bigger band's Facebook, Bandpage, Soundcloud, last.fm, Purevolume, or any other music streaming site.

Yo, man, how cool are you? Sitting on your lazy ass clicking away on your computer, copying and pasting the same pathetic spiel about how your band is the next Bring Me the Horizon (AS IF WE NEEDED MORE OF THOSE!) and how everyone should just take a second to listen to your latest single.

"Single," really? Let's get serious here for

that second you just asked me to waste: it's your first single, and it was recorded on GarageBand. Amp it up to Logic and maybe we can talk.


I get it. You figure, "Hey, if I post this one tune I created, maybe I'll be the next Blink-182."

Nobody is clicking, 'cause guess what? Myspace happened about a decade ago, and even Tom left that shit, so maybe you should take a step out of that pre-teen scene and get back to what making music is all about: PASSION.

There's nothing ballin' about mooching some fame off your favourite musicians, unless you like being compared to leeches. Just remember that even remoras can never be half as cool as Jaws.

Linking up some biddies to your kickass tunes is not passion; it's pathetic.

Get off your ass, and if you can create something worth listening to, defend it with your soul; sweat out those fliers and fight those promoters.

Just leave those goddamn comment boxes for your love and adoration of Oli Sykes hair and British accent. 

# ANTI- RESUME

by Sally Reisch

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## SUBURBAN SCUMBAG

*1991-2009*

- ❖ Hung out at the mall
- ❖ Hung out in parking lots
- ❖ Gimme gimme gimme gimme

## STONED

*2006-PRESENT*

Specialized in spliffs

## MARXIST

*2009-PRESENT*

Can't shut me up or reason with me

## AWKWARD

- ❖ At parties, silently
- ❖ In class, when I speak
- ❖ With extended family, the religious ones
- ❖ With boys I want to touch

## I WORKED AT COLDSTONE CREAMERY ONCE

*2005-2006*

Freak of nature  
Sang for tips

## CALM & COLLECTED

*1991-PRESENT*

I swallow my anger

## LIKE MY MOTHER

- ❖ More and more each day
- ❖ She gave me her neuroses
- ❖ I thought they were mine

## DRUNK ON CHEAP WINE

*2009-PRESENT*

Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays, sometimes Tuesdays

## ARIES

Born this way

I, like, am totally obsessed with astrology, like all my friends are fire signs. All my Leo friends look like lions, I swear, Eric, Jen, Nat, Russell, the resemblances are uncanny. Lady Gaga is an Aries!!! I have this one Scorpio friend and she is totally out there and like, deep, like emotionally, like an ocean, you know? And my Virgo friend keeps the nicest rooms. Even my Cancer friend does the things that crabs do.

## BITTER

When the generation that generated me is all like, "kids today blah blah blah."

## UNSURE

Whether or not I should take myself seriously

## IDEALIST

Unadjusted  
Gullible and faithful  
Who here gets to crush my soul?



What does it mean to exist within the in-between? Better yet, for God (on a rocking chair's) sake...what is the in-between?

To begin, one must formulate a basic profile:

Steve, an average Rutgers student, lives within a structured routine. Steve goes to bed at a decent hour and always wakes up in the morn. Mealtimes are an absolute must for Steve and happen at the same time, everyday. He rushes to class, packs his school bag with a snack and sets up dainty time-slots for homework. Steve is pretty special. His life can fit perfectly within the confines of a personal calendar.

Now, "non-average" Rutgers students may claim that they are rooted by no man, myth, or happening: "NO way", folks like these will cry, "I have no daily routine. I am a free spirit flying HIGH!" (Trust me, this is how I'd like to feel most of the time)

Well my dear friends, as it stands, the common-man (such as Steve) and the cerebral gentleman/woman are quite similar. All people have a main-frame that spits back chronic patterns, like it or not.

Still, given a chance for introspection, most will say that they are anything but Steve. For instance, to speak on a personal level, I am never aware of what time I will be eating/waking. My life has a limited sense of structure, finding it by circling around my class schedule and then fitting things in. Nevertheless, I exist within a composition of activities (as much as I'd like not to), for even if I am not Steve, I still embrace such moments as eating, sleeping, and doing homework.

Events such as these can be seen as running parallel to scenes in a play or sequences inside a film. Act 1 may be eating, sleeping, or doing homework. Act 2 may be the evening or the morning. Act 3 may be that delicious sleep after spending an all-nighter in a psychedelic trance or studying for that FUCK-ING impossible Planet Earth exam (who said Jock Science was easy?).

Simply put, it is important to become aware that there is a scene in which you exist at most times! This is what the in-between is not.

The in-between is that transient moment, that special and illusive gyration of creative bursts, life-altering seconds, and jalopy-like rambles that bump up against the abrasive sphere of structure. The in-between is that walk you went on to the library, that moment you slipped away in your 8:00 A.M. lecture hall and asked, "What the hell am I, anyway?" It is the lack of organization that creates the in-between; it is the intermission in a play and it is a place where one can create, grow, and learn to deduce what "life" is and can become.

When one becomes conscious of the in-between,

the unconscious can be functionally utilized. This is a paradoxical concept, which can be solved by answering a second question: Just what does it mean to exist within the in-between?

Again, an example will be handy:


Little Billy makes the decision that his elementary school graduation will be the perfect time to dabble in the flavors of LSD. Little Billy has never before had such an experience.

Last week, when Little Billy was finishing up his geography homework, his brother, Big Billy stormed into the room and beat-up Little Billy for no reason. Of course Little Billy cried, pushing his face into the comforting hands of the carpeted floor, to find a special piece of colored paper his brother dropped. Little Billy was no dummy, and he knew this paper meant the world to Big Billy. It was only yesterday when the big guy brought over all of his friends and ate some, in that sweaty cavity of a room. Little Billy was there, hiding behind the door frame, listening to his Big stupid brother talk about "metaphysics," whatever that means. All that Little Billy knows is that he heard someone say "unicorns," and since he was five, it had been a personal dream to graduate in the presence of his favorite pretend animal.

Thus, Little Billy eats the paper two hours before the ceremony and winds up in a trance on stage. When his name is called, all he can do is scream the word "UNICORNS," much to the crowds' surprise.

This ludicrous example (used for emphasis) can display what it means to exist within the in-between. When you, as an individual, are encompassed within the reaches of what is in-between, a process of fulfillment may begin. This fulfillment can breach the boundaries of the unconscious, much like Little Billy's trance, and produce revelations/snippets of wisdom. In the case of Little Billy, it becomes clear that these in-between moments may produce occasionally negative reactions to outside spectators. It is when you realize this, become conscious of it, that you get most embarrassed and lose the moment. "But doesn't this give into the paradox!?" Well, this is where it gets interesting. Like Little Billy, the experience of existing in the in-between, is often coupled with momentary insanity, not always, but often. With a loss of external construction comes a loss of internal construction, making thoughts difficult to analyze whilst immersed. We solve the paradox in a retrospective light by examining what has happened out-of-structure, when we are conscious again.

Understand your routine to break it and begin to concentrate on what transpires.

Understand the in-between to shape it and begin to formulate your desires. 



what it means to exist in the in-between.

by benjamin raphael





# COFFEE MUGS

“What was Dickens really trying to say with the book *Oliver Twist*?” I said, staring at my 220 Literature class wherein the majority of the 39 students had their eyeballs focused on mysterious objects cradled in their palms underneath their desks. “What message do you think he wanted us to get?”

No one raised their hand. They were all in Facebook-land, text-land, or some combination of the two. I wouldn’t have been surprised if none of them read the book or understood it. Then again, they could still get B’s reading Spark Notes, so I guess I couldn’t blame them. They’d have to write an essay regardless.

“He could have been trying to say a number of things,” I said. “He could have been trying to make a statement about the poor treatment of orphans in England. Maybe also about criminality and other social ills. Do we know what he was really trying to say? Probably, from some of the talks he’s given, if you believe authors are the best judge of their own works. But what do you guys think?”

I heard someone’s phone screech, “Please say a command.” I knew that exact refrain like the palm of my hand; it haunted me in my sleep ever since I got that crappy LG.

“Did any of you like the book at all? Do you have an opinion on it? What do you think? I want participation. This is a discussion-based class.”

Albert raised his hand. He was a tall boy who usually sat in the front row and always wore a backwards baseball cap and sports jersey. I quickly pointed at him.

“Yeah, it was all right, Professor Rothstein,” Albert said. “Kinda boring at times. Didn’t he get paid by the word to write?”

“That’s a myth actually, but here’s an interesting question that brings up. Do you think he may have just written his stuff for money? A man’s gotta eat. Maybe that’s the real and only reason he wrote *Oliver Twist*. Even though there were social messages, he wanted to make a buck. How does that make you feel? Anybody?”

“Eh,” said Albert, shrugging.

“Anybody but Albert have anything to contribute? You do know that participation can make the difference between a borderline B+ and a borderline A,” I lied.

No one else raised their hand. I stared at the class. They stared at their phones. I wished that I had a better class, and they probably wished they had no class at the moment or ever. Someone else did raise their hand, though. It was a student I had never heard talk before in ever, even to other students. She was wearing a wrinkled white t-shirt with a Dragon Ball Z logo on it, and her long hair was noticeably wet as though she showered during class, but that was not possible.

“Yes, you,” I said.

“You are a lentil. Lentil soup. Ah!” The girl got up and knocked over her desk. She then grabbed her copy of *Oliver Twist* out of her book bag and began ripping pages out and eating them. She continued to speak as she ate, her speech muffled by the paper in her mouth, “Gah! You’re in a conspiracy with the desk against

# GIVE ME YOUR

BY EDWARD REEP

me. Ruff. Ruff. Ruff.”

Some of the students started laughing. Others were shirking back in horror. A few sitting in desks near her got up and moved away.

“Are you okay?” asked an ugly girl named Adrianna from across the class.

I couldn’t speak. I was in shock. The Dragon Ball Z girl seemed to be in a trance. I couldn’t see consciousness behind her eyes. I wanted to shout at her and tell her what she was doing, but I felt like I was in a dream. Was I witnessing madness, or was I the one going mad? A monster...

“The desk and you are out to get me. You want to put me in jail, you bastards! I didn’t do anything. Why? It’s not my fault. I’ll get you all. You’ll see.” The monster started flailing her arms around and kicking her book bag. It seemed like she was also beginning to cry.

“Someone call 911,” said a preppy boy with thick glasses and curly red hair. Those in the class that didn’t have their phones out already whipped them out in a dizzying flash. I

was still mute. I wanted to do something. I wanted to speak and bring order, but my words evaporated in my throat. How could a person act like this and in a class? Was she really a monster?

The beast suddenly began punching the floor and hitting her head against the desk she turned over. “There’s a wilting flower singing here. It’s singing. It’s singing, and it’s all your fault, Professor Rothstein. All your fault!”

“You’re responsible for all our problems. You and that desk. That talking desk named Jerry. I’ll eat your legs!” She began galloping towards me like a horsewoman of the apocalypse.

I screamed, but Albert jumped on the nameless girl right before she got me and held her down.

“Calm down,” he said.

“You’re one of them!” she yelled as she squirmed. “You’re all in league with Professor Rothstein and the couch. You want to turn me into potato chips. What did I ever do to you?”

Finally, I could form words.

“Did someone call the police?”

A bunch of students nodded.

“Ragu pasta tastes good. Give me your coffee mugs.” The restrained devil babbled on. “I need scissors. 61!”

“She’s having a psychotic episode probably,” said a prissy blonde girl named Sally.

“I don’t think so,” an intellectual Chinese boy, who I wish spoke more, said. “I think she is completely sane and chose to act this way, fully accepting the consequences. This episode had to have been premeditated. I wonder what her reasoning is, though.”

Finally, my class was having a discussion. Soon the campus police department came and took away the monster. As they dragged her out of the room, she tried to bite them while rhythmically whispering, “Give me your coffee mugs, you motherfuckers!” When they were out of the classroom and well down the hallway, I heard screams and then footsteps plodding back towards the room. Suddenly, I wished for my quiet class again.



# Thinking Off

## masturbation with the mind

*I recently read an article about the CIA dosing San Francisco residents with LSD to test the drug's effects on unwitting citizens. At the end of the 1950s, the government paid Women of the Night to lure men into shady motels and feed them psychedelic cocktails. They called it: Operation Midnight Climax. Tonight, I am my own prostitute, and this is my Operation Midnight Climax.*

It is midnight. I am naked. On my bed. Hands at my side. Hands behind my head. Hands on my stomach. Hands under my ass. That's the biggest problem, really: what to do with your hands when you're trying to masturbate without them.

If you watch a video called "Spontaneous Bliss & Orgasm" on Youtube, Erica MorningStar, with a chin peeled off Larry Bird's face, will teach you the proper technique for "thinking off"—or, "keep those hands away from your clit, Lizzie, and relinquish all your masturbatory power to your anxious, impatient, uncontrollable brain."

Erica MorningStar tells me she can orgasm "at the drop of a hat, literally." This makes me wonder what windy days at hat festivals are like for Erica MorningStar.

Apparently, all I need to do is relax, breathe, and visualize. Dave and I did yoga last night and I repeat the moves I remember, like a pre-cum warm-up. Then I remember Dave in Warrior Pose and I laugh, snotting out of my nose. I find a tissue. I turn on Prince's "Do Me Baby," and get under the covers.

Three minutes in and I'm steadily climbing Climax Mountain. I let Prince's sharp breaths seduce me while I think about tongues and legs and hair and ears. I pretend someone has tied me up and using my hands is no longer an option.

"C'mon, use your miiind," he whispers in my ear, but he reminds me of Patrick Bateman in *American Psycho* and I have to open my eyes. It's about 70% real events

and 30% fantasy, kind of like some "based on a true story" movie on The History Channel, or maybe National Geographic, but with fewer zebras and more hairy men.

Frank says he can give himself an erection just by thinking. I wish then that I had a penis, so my boner could be like an intrusive, overbearing life coach cheering on my arousal. With each rush of blood to my crotch cowboy, I'd know I was one step closer to *la petite mort*, the money shot, Tom Hanks-ing. It's not that I don't know when I'm turned on, but a flesh staff would help—like how you know you have mail when the red flag is up.

My right hand wanders to the no-go zone, but I pull it back. Give Brain a chance, Hand. They say you can do anything you set your mind to, right?

Turns out, you can't. Or I can't. The mind in my skull was totally set all over that shit, but the mind between my legs was all like,

"YEAH RIGHT BITCH, TALK TO ME WHEN YOU CAN STICK SOME BATTERIES IN YOUR BRAIN AND MAKE IT VIBRATE."

After 40 minutes of willing my mind to link up with my clit in electrifying, orgasmic harmony, I've lost the power to cranially cum. I give up and masturbate the old-fashioned way, just as Anne Frank, Jane Goodall and your mom have done before me.

Lizzie Plaugic

Illustration by Rachel Finelli

*Fuck you. It's not that easy.*

You probably need Kegel muscles of steel, and I don't have the cash for a pelvic toning device (Google it; they come in a variety of styles: one looks like a cross between a pregnancy test and a non-festive nutcracker, another like a portable defibrillator, and yet another like an IKEA-brand mace).

I have never felt at such odds with my libido. Sure, an unexpected bump on the bus or a butterfly passing idly by will give me an inexplicable, raging, immobilizing hard-on, but put me alone in a room and, at best, I will get something like a cadaveric spasm.

But I exaggerate. I did manage to get closer than expected. What I did not expect was the difficulty of maintaining a simple erection. When I've got a fist pumping my way to orgasmic emission I never think that it is that very fist keeping me at attention rather than just my sexy, sexy thoughts. I'm now inclined to think that my sexy thoughts do shit! When I'm jerking it traditionally, sexual fantasizing is pretty much like watching TV while eating dinner: enjoyable, but (surprisingly) unnecessary.

Thinking off obviously requires a lot more concentration; concentration of which I am, apparently, devoid. I would imagine yoga or some kind of deep meditation training would help. It began to seem more likely that I would levitate off my bed or reach a state of enlightenment before I popped a simple, fucking load. If Peter Pan had dragged me out of my bedroom window with "happy thoughts," I would last, on average, thirty-five seconds and then plummet to my death.

Here's a basic transcript of my thoughts:

PENISPENISPENISPENIS CUMCUM  
PENISPENIS ALL OVER MY FACE  
CUM ALL OVER MY FACE HUGE  
BLACK COCK HUGE HUGE BLACK  
COCK I WONDER HOW LIZZIE  
IS DOING OH JESUS CHRIST  
NO STAY UP COCKCOCKCOCK  
THRUST THRUST COCK COCK

FUCK IT FUCK FUCK IT COCK  
CUM ALL OVER MY FACE ...

Et cetera. All this amidst a lot of heavy breathing and an occasional, muscle-flexed wang-toss.

I tried some other methods too. I thought maybe I could start off on a more basic level and eventually progress to Expert Think Offer, so I allowed myself some porn, but found that other people's sex is incredibly boring without that special touch. I tried jerking a bit to get straight to the stiffy, but within a minute or so my One-and-Only would shrivel up and die like a discarded lover.

So no, I didn't manage it. But who the FUCK has the time to train themselves to accomplish this? I'd need a major dose of Adderall to buckle down and get this shit done.

And it all makes me wonder how our notoriously decreasing attention spans are affecting the future of the think off. And for that matter, what is the history of the think off? Were people like Charles Dickens and George Eliot walking about in public, squirting and shooting up a storm? Or maybe I'm just a freak! Maybe that guy who sits in the back of my Econ class is pumping out load after load like a laundromat and I'm here, in my bed, flopping about like a fish-out-of-water and wondering if Lizzie wants to go to Brower...

COCKCOCKCOCKCOCKCOCK!!!

*Frank Anderson*





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